Vol. 2 No. 10
JANUARY 7, 1947

# TREASURE CHEST

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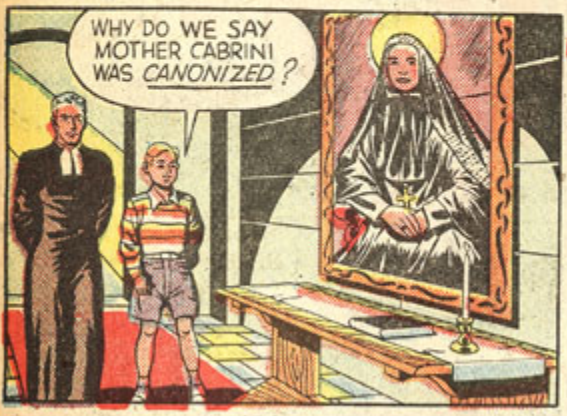
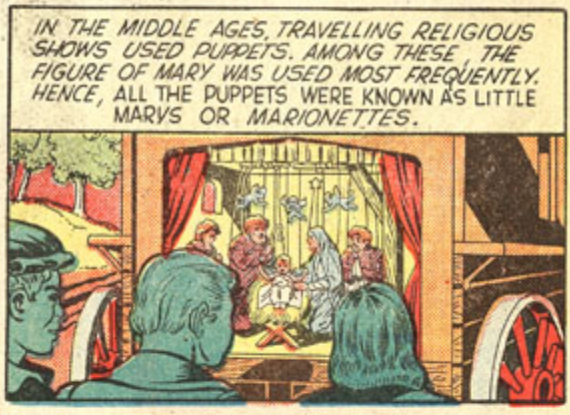
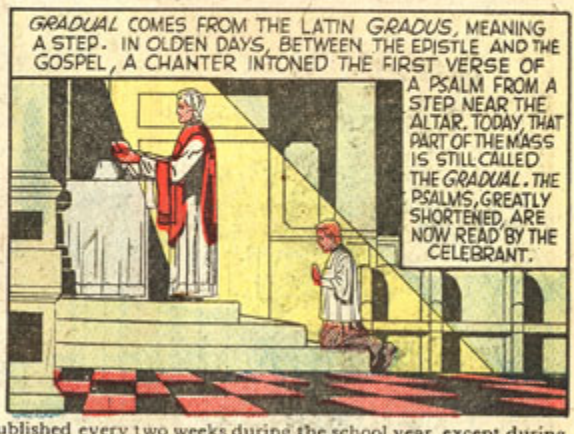
# BROTHER THOMAS EXPLAINS...



THE CANONIZATION OF MOTHER CABRINI MEANS THAT THE CHURCH HAS DECLARED TO THE WORLD THAT SHE IS WITH GOD IN HEAVEN, AND MUST BE HONORED BY ALL CATHOLICS AS A SAINT. HER NAME IS ADDED TO A LONG, LONG LIST.


IN THE MIDDLE AGES, TRAVELLING RELIGIOUS SHOWS USED PUPPETS. AMONG THESE, THE FIGURE OF MARY WAS USED MOST FREQUENTLY. HENCE, ALL THE PUPPETS WERE KNOWN AS LITTLE MARYS OR MARIONETTES.


GRADUAL COMES FROM THE LATIN GRADUS, MEANING A STEP. IN OLDEN DAYS, BETWEEN THE EPISTLE AND THE GOSPEL, A CHANTER INTONED THE FIRST VERSE OF A PSALM FROM A STEP NEAR THE ALTAR. TODAY THAT PART OF THE MASS IS STILL CALLED THE GRADUAL. THE PSALMS, GREATLY SHORTENED, ARE NOW READ BY THE CELEBRANT.

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# DRAGON MOUNTAIN

By ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

IN CHINA THERE IS A GREAT MOUNTAIN CALLED DRAGON MOUNTAIN. AT ITS FOOT IS THE VILLAGE WHERE AH CHING LIVED.

AH CHING, 12 YEARS OLD, WAS A CATHOLIC ALTAR BOY.

ONE NIGHT...

GOOD NIGHT, FATHER.

THANKS FOR SERVING BENEDICTION, AH CHING.

GET THE BOY. HE MAY GIVE THE ALARM BEFORE WE ATTACK THE VILLAGE

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THEN....
GO! GET ALL THE MONEY IN THE VILLAGE.
HAVING RAIDED THE VILLAGE, THE BANDITS DECIDED TO HOLD AH CHING FOR RANSOM.
NEXT DAY IN THE BANDITS' MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD...
TAKE THE BOY TO THE TIGER.
YOU WILL BE OUR GUEST UNTIL YOUR FATHER SENDS RANSOM. MEANWHILE...
...YOU ARE FREE INSIDE THE WALLS DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE OR YOU DIE.
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET OUT.

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THAT AFTERNOON...
NOW IS MY CHANCE.
Z..Z..Z...
NOW IF I CAN JUST—
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BOY?
WHO ARE YOU?
BILL HOLDEN — A PRISONER, TOO.
I'M AN AMERICAN. MY FATHER IS IN BUSINESS IN CHINA. HE LEFT ME BEHIND WHILE HE WENT TO CHANGHAI. THEN THE BANDITS CAME.
WHY DID YOU STOP ME?
ANOTHER GUARD WAS WATCHING YOU FROM THE HOUSE. HE WOULD HAVE SHOT YOU.
I HAVE A HOLE DUG UNDER THE BASKETS. TONIGHT WE WILL ESCAPE.
WHAT ARE YOU WHISPERING?
PRAYERS THAT THEY DON'T CATCH US.

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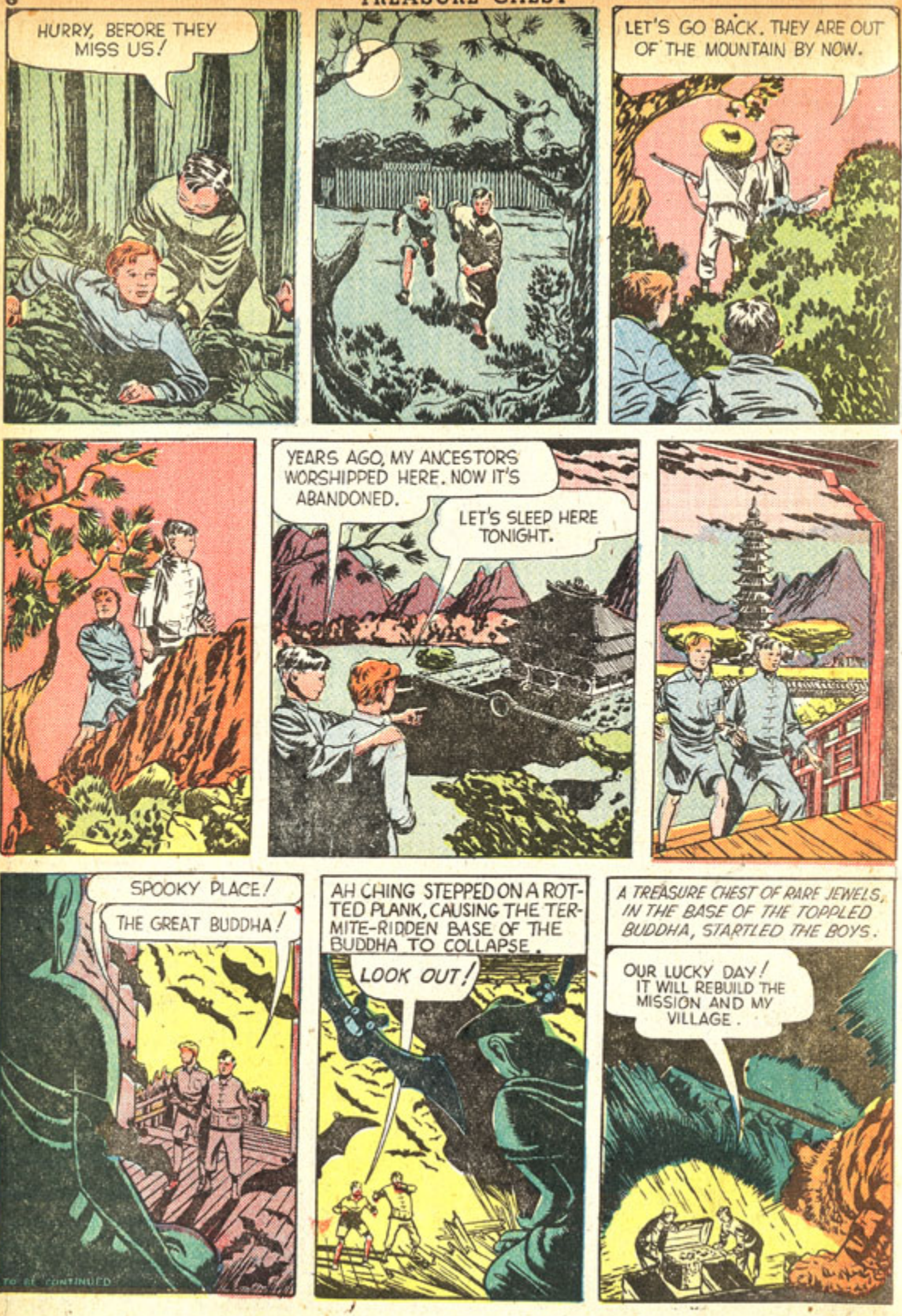
HURRY, BEFORE THEY MISS US!
LET'S GO BACK. THEY ARE OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN BY NOW.
YEARS AGO, MY ANCESTORS WORSHIPPED HERE. NOW IT'S ABANDONED.
LET'S SLEEP HERE TONIGHT.
SPOOKY PLACE!
THE GREAT BUDDHA!
TO BE CONTINUED
AH CHING STEPPED ON A ROTTED PLANK, CAUSING THE TERMITE-RIDDEN BASE OF THE BUDDHA TO COLLAPSE.
LOOK OUT!
A TREASURE CHEST OF RARE JEWELS, IN THE BASE OF THE TOPPLED BUDDHA, STARTLED THE BOYS.
OUR LUCKY DAY! IT WILL REBUILD THE MISSION AND MY VILLAGE.

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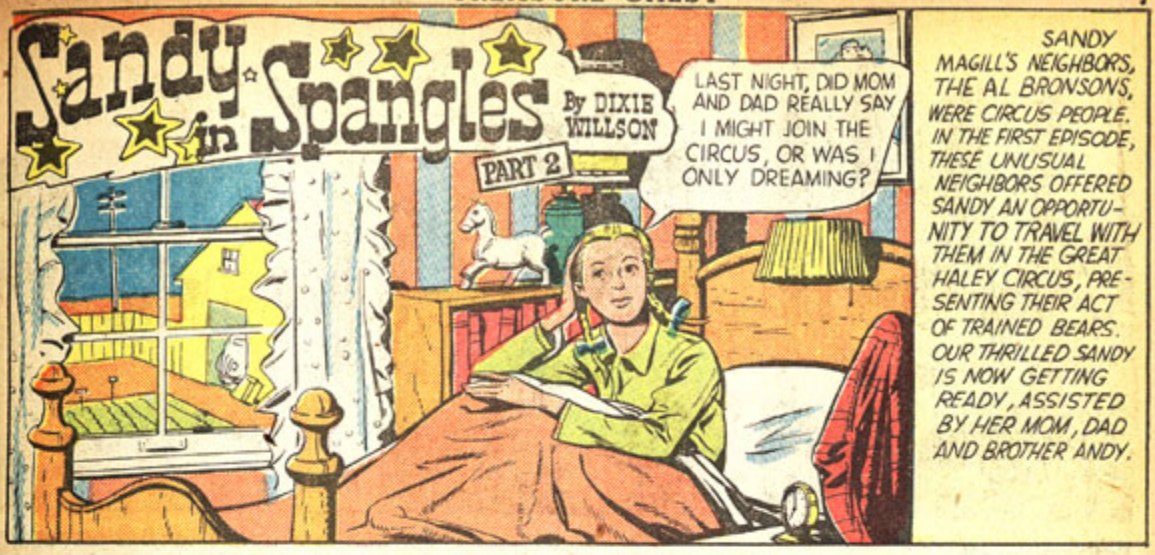
# Sandy in Spangles

By DIXIE WILLSON

PART 2




SANDY MAGILL'S NEIGHBORS, THE AL BRONSONS, WERE CIRCUS PEOPLE. IN THE FIRST EPISODE, THESE UNUSUAL NEIGHBORS OFFERED SANDY AN OPPORTUNITY TO TRAVEL WITH THEM IN THE GREAT HALEY CIRCUS, PRESENTING THEIR ACT OF TRAINED BEARS. OUR THRILLED SANDY IS NOW GETTING READY, ASSISTED BY HER MOM, DAD AND BROTHER ANDY.

YOU'RE UP EARLY THIS MORNING, SANDY.
YES, MOM, I WAS TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP.
I AM EXCITED JUST BEING YOUR BROTHER. WAIT UNTIL I TELL THE BIG NEWS TO THE KIDS AT SCHOOL!

WELL, I'M OFF FOR SCHOOL. DON'T GET TOO EXCITED, SIS.
I SCARCELY KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN WITH COSTUMES TO MAKE, A TRUNK TO PACK, AND EVERYTHING.

HOW'S OUR CIRCUS GIRL THIS MORNING? READY TO PRACTICE YOUR ACT, SANDY?
GOOD MORNING, MR. BRONSON. I'M READY ANY TIME YOU SAY. AFTER ALL, THIS IS MARCH 3, AND WE'LL BE LEAVING IN SIX WEEKS.

SO FAR, YOU HAVE DONE MORE WATCHING THE BEARS THAN WORKING WITH THEM, SO YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.
BUT I'M NOT TO DO THE ACT ALONE AM I, MR. BRONSON?

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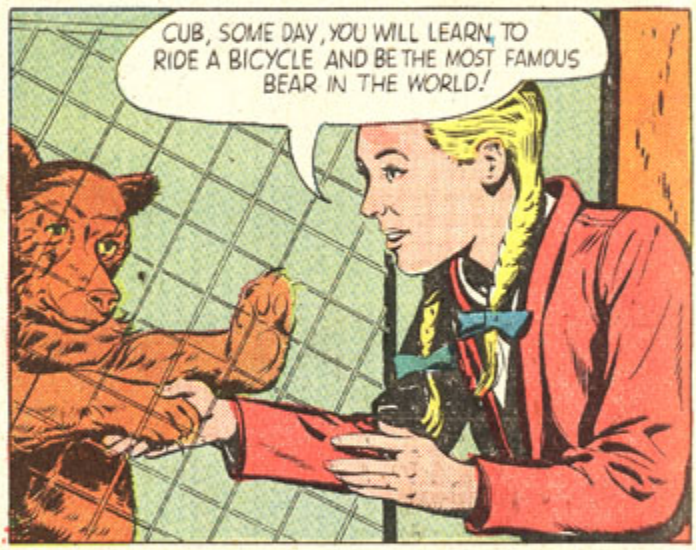
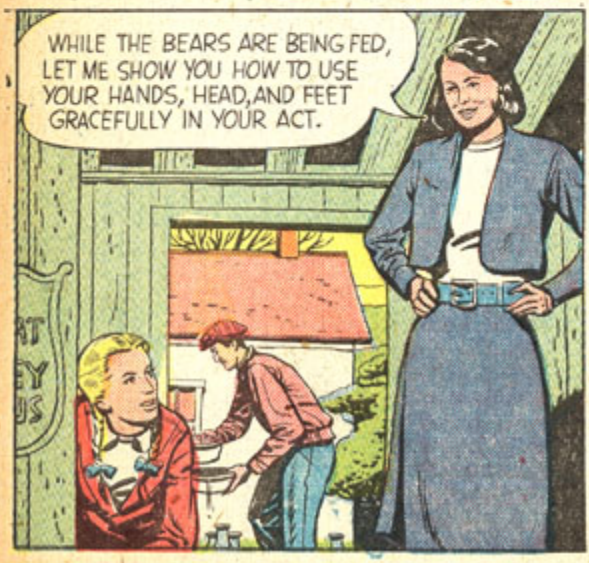
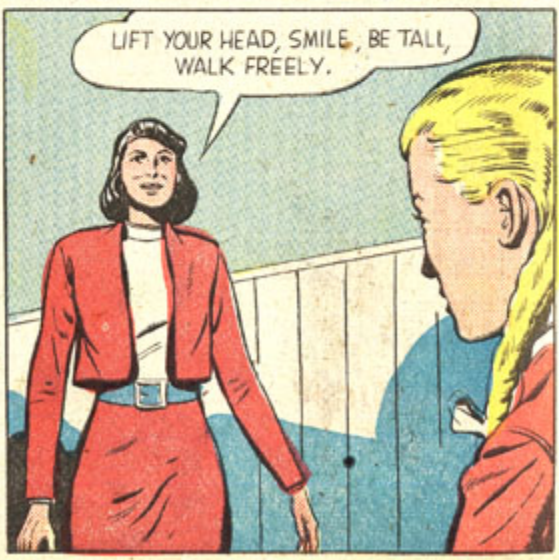
MISSY BRONSON, WHOSE PLACE SANDY WAS TO TAKE, JOINED THEM TO TEACH THE NEW PERFORMER SOME CIRCUS STYLE.
HI, TROUPER! ARE YOU HAPPY?
I'M WALKING IN A DREAM!

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FINISH EACH TRICK WITH HANDS, FINGERS, WRISTS, AND ELBOWS CURVED, AND CHIN UP, AS IF YOU WERE SAYING, "THERE IT IS, GOOD PEOPLE. DID YOU LIKE IT?"

AFTER A WEEK OF PRACTICE, SANDY INVITED MOM AND RITA TO SEE A PREVIEW.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT "SANDY AND HER EDUCATED BEARS!"

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SANDY, YOU MAY HAVE THIS TRUNK FOR YOUR OWN. ON THE SHOW, WE ALWAYS USE OLD-FASHIONED BOX TRUNKS, BECAUSE THEY LOAD EVENLY INTO THE PROP WAGON FOR EACH NIGHTS MOVING. YOUR CLOSED TRUNK SERVES AS A TABLE IN THE DRESSING TENT.
BRONSON BEARS
L.D.R.

WHAT DOES L.D.R. MEAN?
IT MEANS THIS TRUNK BELONGS TO A LADY AND GOES TO HER DRESSING ROOM.
EVERY LADY MAKES HER TRUNK ATTRACTIVE BY LINING THE LID AND MAKING A MATCHING SCARF FOR THE TRAY. THE LID MAKES A HANDY PLACE FOR PICTURES, LETTERS, AND THE ROUTE CARD OF THE SHOW.

NEXT DAY AT THE DEPARTMENT STORE...
WOULD YOU LIKE THIS FOR YOUR TRUNK LINING, DEAR?
OH YES, MOTHER. AND THIS PIECE TO MAKE CURTAINS AND PILLOWS FOR MY SPACE ON THE SHOW TRAIN.

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THERE WAS A GOING-AWAY SHOWER FOR SANDY....
WELL, GIRLS, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.
THEN...
DAD, IS MY TRUNK VERY HEAVY?
IT'S NO MAY BASKET!
DRIVE THE TRUCK TO INDIANAPOLIS. WE'LL COME IN THE CAR AND MEET YOU THERE TONIGHT, IN TIME TO FEED THE BEARS.
AT LAST CAME THE BIG MOMENT! SANDY WAS OFF TO JOIN THE CIRCUS!
NOW, DON'T WORRY, MRS. MAGILL. WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF SANDY.
HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO TAKE ALONG, SIS.
OH, ANDY, YOUR FLASH-LIGHT!
SHOW SANDY WHAT CAME IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING.
OKAY. I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE.
WHY, APRIL 15 IS THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!
SANDY AND HER EDUCATED BEARS
GREAT HALE
TO BE CONTINUED...

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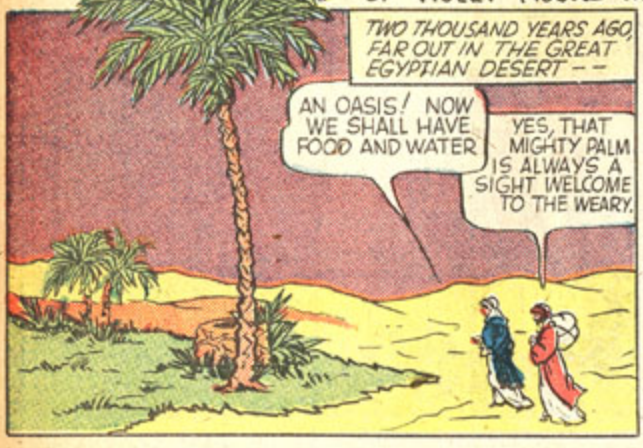
# The Palm That Knew Its King

## A LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

BY VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS


TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, FAR OUT IN THE GREAT EGYPTIAN DESERT - -
AN OASIS! NOW WE SHALL HAVE FOOD AND WATER.
YES, THAT MIGHTY PALM IS ALWAYS A SIGHT WELCOME TO THE WEARY.

THEY SAY THAT THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO KING SOLOMON'S COURT, PLANTED THIS PALM.
IT IS TOLD THAT SOLOMON ACCOMPANIED HER THUS FAR, THEN TURNED BACK TO JUDEA.

AND ON THAT DAY, LONG BEFORE —
FROM THIS DATE SEED, WATERED BY MY TEARS, MAY THERE SPRING A PALM TREE WHICH SHALL LIVE UNTIL A KING GREATER THAN SOLOMON SHALL ARISE IN JUDEA.
THEN THE TREE WILL LIVE FOREVER! THERE CAN BE NO GREATER KING.

IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA "WAS BORN A SAVIOUR WHO WAS CHRIST THE LORD."
THIS IS THE YOUNG CHILD KING HEROD BADE US SEEK.
BUT GOD HAS WARNED US IN A DREAM NOT TO RETURN TO THE KING.
AND THEY WENT ANOTHER WAY TO THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

THAT VERY NIGHT —
ARISE AND TAKE THE YOUNG CHILD AND HIS MOTHER AND FLEE INTO EGYPT, FOR HEROD WILL SEEK THE YOUNG CHILD TO DESTROY HIM.

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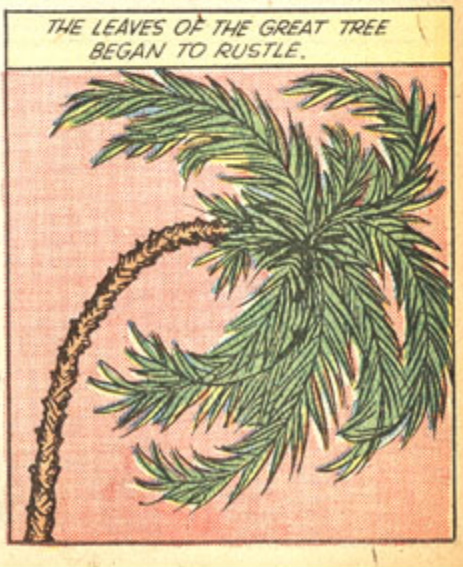
THEY DID NOT DELAY, BUT FLED THAT NIGHT.
WE ARE ILL PREPARED WITH FOOD FOR SUCH A JOURNEY.
GOD WILL PROVIDE FOR US. WE SHALL NOT WANT.

THE WAY GREW HARDER.
WE MUST FIND SHELTER SOON.
GOD SAVED US FROM PROWLING LIONS AND EVIL MEN WHO SOUGHT TO ROB US. SEE, JOSEPH! YONDER IS A PALM TREE!

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IT IS BENDING DOWN TO US!
GOD'S MIRACLE! HIS NEVER-FAILING HELP!
THE FINEST I'VE EVER TASTED! AND NOURISHING FOR YOU, MARY.
RESTED AND REFRESHED, THE TRAVELERS WERE READY TO DEPART. THEN THE TREE HEARD THE SAME SMALL, SWEET VOICE, "RISE, PALM, RISE AGAIN!" AND A SMALL HAND STROKED ITS BARK.
THERE WAS A MIGHTY RUSTLING IN THE LEAVES OF THE GREAT PALM.
THE GREAT TREE BENT LIKE A BLADE OF GRASS.
THE HAND OF GOD BENT IT. WHAT EVIL SHALL WE FEAR WHEN GOD IS WITH US?
NOT LONG AFTERWARD, A CARAVAN NEARED THE OASIS.
THERE IS THE GREAT PALM! SOON WE SHALL REST IN ITS COOL SHADE.
BUT LOOK! IT HAS WITHERED! IT IS DEAD!
AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE OASIS THEY SAW THAT THE GREAT PALM TREE WAS, INDEED, DEAD.
BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? THE LEGEND PROMISED THAT THE GREAT PALM WOULD NOT DIE UNTIL IT SAW A KING GREATER THAN SOLOMON.
PERHAPS IT HAS SEEN THAT KING!
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

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# APACHE JOE

DARKNESS was falling slowly as the two boys rode up the rugged trail. Although it was late spring, remnants of snow still clung to the rocky ledges. On either side of the trail, the Sierras rose in majestic splendor, a mantle of white across their shoulders. One day a great concrete highway, linking the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, would run through this pass, but in 1870 all was wilderness.

"We should be almost there, Ed," said the tall, lanky youth of eighteen, whose horse, Hickory, took the lead. "The mule driver said six miles, and we've easily covered that.

"Maybe he has no knack for measuring," answered Ed, as he jogged along on his mule. Ed was fourteen years old, and a direct contrast to his brother. Small and sturdy, he had a shock of curly hair the color of molasses candy. "I hope we find the shelter. It's too cold up here to sleep in the open."

The two lads ambled on in silence. For weeks now the boys had been plodding their way to California. They had been travelling with a wagon trail when, one day, a rattlesnake reared its head in Hickory's path. Hickory raised his forefeet high, throwing Bill, while one of the wagon party crushed the snake's head with the heel of his gun. Bill had suffered a sprained ankle and wrist, so the two brothers remained behind to ride at a slower pace.

Bill's ankle and wrist had healed rapidly, and they rode on, alone. Each hour brought them nearer California and home—and mother and dad.

The last streaks of sunset had almost faded from the sky, when Bill called back to his brother.

"There's something ahead!"

The boys spurred their horses forward, and in a few minutes they reached a shack.

"Hello, there!" Bill called.

"What do you want?" a surly voice answered from the darkness.

"Can you give us shelter for the night?" asked Ed.

"Depends on whether or not you can pay for it," the voice answered. Peering into the murkiness, the boys were barely able to discern a figure, half-hidden in the shadows.

"Maybe we'd better not stay here." This thought flashed through Ed's mind.

Ed recalled the caution of the mule driver when the boys had asked about shelter. "There's no place worth calling a shelter this side of Valley City," he had said. "A fellow named Apache Joe has a shack up near the top of the Pass, but I wouldn't stay with him unless I had to. He looks like a tough hombre!"

Ed was about to tell Bill to move on, when he heard his brother say:

"It's too cold to sleep out in these mountains tonight. We'll pay you for lodgings." Ed had hoped his brother would move on.

"It'll be extra if I have to feed your horses."

"All right," Bill replied.

"I'll show you where to tie up your beasts."

The boys followed the man. They unsaddled their tired animals and tethered them. Then, with their bed rolls thrown over their shoulders, they were led around the shack to the door. The man opened the door and beckoned them to come inside.

The shack was dirty and ill-smelling. A warped candle threw a dim light, casting weird shadows around the room. In the faint glow, the boys took their first look at their host, a half-breed. His face was covered with the

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stubble of an unshaven beard, his hands were incrusted with dirt, and his teeth were brown from tobacco juice.

"There's only one bed," the man said, pointing to a bunk over in the corner. "I sleep there. You'll have to make your beds on the floor."

The boys spread their blankets out while the man watched them.

"You boys are travelling light. Haven't much baggage," the man growled.

Bill reached into his pocket and drew out the battered purse which contained the boys' meager funds.

"Never mind. Pay me in the morning." His eyes were like beads in the dim light as he watched Bill put the purse away. Then, he walked to a far wall and took down a wooden bucket. "Got to get water for the morning."

With this explanation he went out.

By this time, the boys had made their beds. Bill took off his heavy boots and his jacket, and climbed inside the blankets.

"Aren't you going to say any prayers, Bill?"

"I've told you before, Ed. Praying is for girls. I'm too old for that now."

"Aren't you grateful to God for getting us this far safely?"

"Sure."

"Then why don't you tell Him?"

"You tell Him for me. I'm tired."

Quickly Ed knelt down and prayed for himself and his brother. Then he climbed into his blankets as their host re-entered the shack. The man looked down at the boys, grunted, set down the bucket, blew out the candle, and went over to his own bunk. There was a faint squeak of boards as he lay down.

Ed heard the even breathing of his brother and he knew that Bill was already asleep. He was dozing off, himself, when he remembered. He had forgotten to say his Rosary! Wearily reaching into his pocket, he took out the brown wooden beads his father had given him years before. Carefully he began the Apostles' Creed.

Sleep pressed on his eyelids, but he fought it. He had formed the habit of saying a Rosary every day, and he did not want to break it now. Bead after bead passed through his numbed fingers.

He had almost finished the last decade of the Joyful Mysteries, when he heard some boards creak at the far end of the room. Involuntarily, he glanced over. He thought he saw the shadows move. To make sure, he leaned up on his elbow and looked again.

There, silhouetted against the window, stood Apache Joe. In his hand was a knife, its long blade reflecting the light of the moon.

For an instant panic gripped the boy. He was about to jump up, but his better judgment told him to lie quietly. His eyes strained in the darkness as he watched Apache Joe come stealthily forward. The man silently edged up to Bill. When he reached the sleeping youth, he dropped to one knee. Then, he raised his knife.

At that moment Ed leaped from his blankets and pounced on the upraised arm.

"Bill! Bill!" he shouted.

The man muttered angrily and struck Ed, but the boy clung to the arm with strength mustered of heroic courage. Just then, Bill sat up, half-dazed with sleep.

"He has a knife," Ed cried, and he felt a sharp pain near his shoulder.

Bill, wide awake now, leaped at Apache Joe. The *mestizo* fought viciously to shake Ed off, but the boy clung tenaciously. Bill again lunged at the man, tackling him at the knees, and they both hit the floor with a thud. He pinned Apache Joe's wrists to the bare boards, as Ed wrenched the knife from his gritty fingers. Finally, Bill held him in a powerful headlock. Apache Joe lay gasping on the floor.

"Give us a light, Ed," Bill commanded.

The boy struck a match to the stubby candle. In the light he looked at the cut in his upper arm.

"Find some rope," Bill called.

A lariat was coiled against the bunk. In a few minutes Apache Joe was safely trussed. Bill bound Ed's lacerated arm, and the bleeding stopped shortly.

"You'd better watch that arm for awhile, Ed," Bill said with concern.

"Never mind me. What shall we do with this hombre, Bill? He's a tough customer."

"We'll take him down to Valley City in the morning. We can't leave him here. He might try to kill someone else and succeed." Bill was silent for a moment. "How in thunder did you ever wake up in time?" Bill suddenly asked.

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"I didn't go to sleep."

"I thought you were tired."

"I was," Ed blushed a little, "but I had to say my Rosary."

"Well, I'll be blowed!"

There was no more sleep for the boys that night. Next morning they saddled their horses, and mounted Ed's horse, Judd. With the trussed *mestizo* astride Hickory, the boys led prisoner and horse down the trail. It was noon when they rode into Valley City.

They delivered their prisoner to the Sheriff and explained the attack.

"We've had our eye on him for some time," said the tall, friendly law-officer. "There have been several disappearances in the Pass, but we could never before get evidence. We think he killed travelers for their money. How did you ever get on to him?"

"Prayer." Bill answered first.

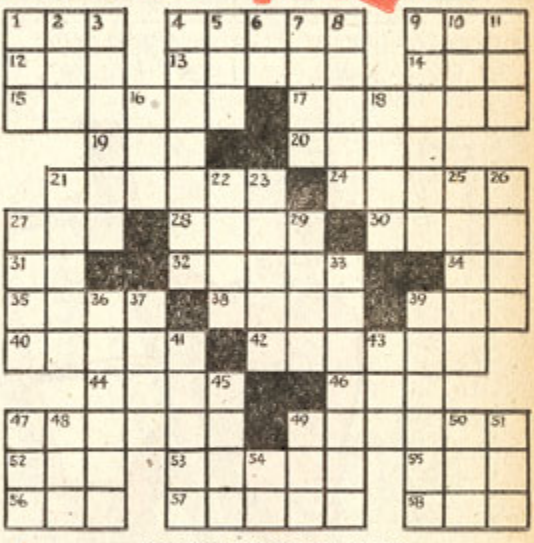
"What!" exclaimed the Sheriff in surprise.

"Prayer," Bill repeated. "And except for my young brother, I'm going to be the prayingest man in California!"

The Sheriff scratched his head. Ed just grinned and grinned.

# Puzzle & Game Page

## By Jules Leopold



**ACROSS**

1. Removed
4. The first Pope
9. Sound of the crow
12. Connective used with neither
13. Man is made to the —— and likeness of God
14. Girl's name
15. Is
17. False charm
19. Perish
20. Margin, edge, or border
21. Light boats
24. Unit of weight for precious stones
27. Attempt
28. Mountains in Russia
30. The Sacrifice of the New Law
31. That is (abbrev. of Latin "id est")
32. The father of Judas Iscariot
34. South America (abbrev.)
35. Genuine
36. Girl's name
39. Contraction for "ever"
40. Man's nickname
42. The period of spiritual preparation for Christmas
44. Charts
46. Short for "veteran"
47. A deathless being that has understanding and free will, but no body.
49. Ill
52. By means of
53. To call down some evil on a person, place or thing
55. Regret
56. Profound reverence
57. Cuts off at one short stroke
58. Point of the compass

**DOWN**

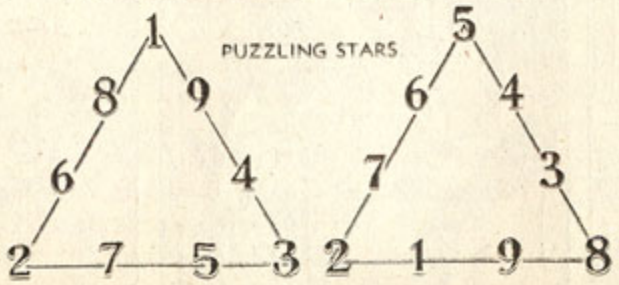
1. A mark of the Church
2. Fur-bearing animal
3. On what day of the week did Christ die on the Cross?
4. Exciting sorrow or compassion
5. Printer's measures
6. Chemical symbol for "tantalum"
7. Don't put them all in one basket!
8. Object honored because it belonged to a saint
9. Photographic device
10. Fuss
11. Conflict
16. A grievous offense against the law of God is called a mortal ——.
18. One of our first parents
21. Every Catholic should know the Apostles' —— by heart
22. Poetic name for Ireland
23. Island group in South Pacific
25. Opposite of "liability"
26. Another spelling of "czar"
27. To weary
29. Our Savior
33. Canal and railroad laborers in England
36. Regard with wonder and delight
37. One who violates the Eighth Commandment
39. Whole; complete
41. Heroic narratives
43. Long, slender, smooth fish
45. Make senseless or dizzy
47. Mineral spring
48. Long bench for seating in church
49. Venomous snake of Egypt
50. A woman living in a convent under religious vows
51. Command to a horse to turn right
54. New England state (abbrev.)

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

**SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.**

1. Cook
2. sHip
3. giRl
4. kiwI
5. fiSt
6. sTop
7. Moor
8. tAnk
9. deSk
10. pasT
11. taRt
12. dEar
13. Easy

PUZZLING STARS



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# CHUCK WHITE

PART 16

ALTHOUGH CHUCK HAD ENJOYED THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS OF HIS LIFE WITH THE KELLYS, MRS. BLAKE AND HIS FATHER, HE AGAIN LISTENED TO BILL RANKIN AND HIS GANG.

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON

WHAT IS IT, CHUCK? WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET AWAY FOR A WHILE?

UH--NO, MRS. BLAKE. I'M ALL RIGHT.

YOU GO ON WITH THE BOYS. I CAN TAKE CARE OF THINGS.

YOU'RE SURE. YOU DON'T MIND?

OF COURSE NOT. WE'LL FINISH SOME OTHER TIME.

THANKS, MRS. BLAKE. I WON'T BE LONG.

I HOPE HE'LL BE CAREFUL. HE MUSTN'T GET INTO TROUBLE AGAIN.

HI, FELLOWS

HELLO, CHUCK. COME OVER HERE.

I HAD IT OUT FOR AWHILE THIS MORNING.

WHAT DID IT DO?

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I WAS AFRAID TO OPEN IT UP ALL THE WAY, BUT IT RAN LIKE A SEWING MACHINE.
IT'LL DO 120 EASY.
THIS IS SAM BOND WHO OWNS THIS GARAGE.
THESE BOYS HAVE BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT YOU.
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. BOND?
ANY CHANCE OF TRYING THE CAR MYSELF, BILL?
WHY NOT? THERE'S A LONG STRIP OF STRAIGHT ROAD NOT FAR FROM HERE. GO ON, TAKE IT OUT.
THERE'S THE STARTER, CHUCK, STRAIGHT AHEAD.
OKAY, BILL.
IS THIS SPEEDOMETER ACCURATE?
SURE, BOND CHECKED IT.
ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS! HERE GOES!

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I'D BETTER SLOW DOWN AND GO BACK NOW.
WHAT DID IT DO?
AN EASY 100. IT COULD HAVE DONE MORE, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO TRY.
NICE CAR!
THE BEST I'VE EVER DRIVEN.
L-L-LET'S GO BACK TO THE GARAGE. I'M C-C-COLD!
HERE THEY ARE, MARTY.
OKAY.
MEET THE OWNER OF THIS CAR, CHUCK, MARTY MILLER OF NEW CASTLE. HE RUNS THE PARAMOUNT FLOWER SHOP OVER THERE.
HI, CHUCK.
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CAR?
MAN, IT'S SMOOTH!

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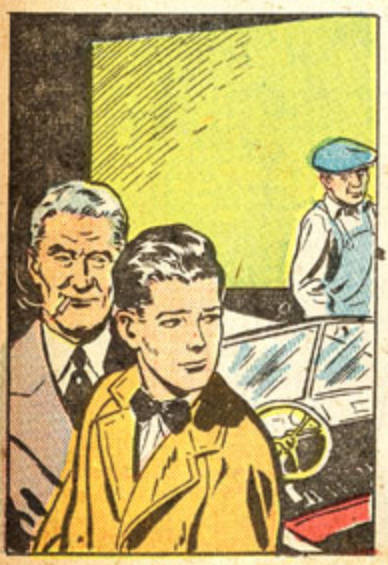
I'D LIKE TO BUILD A MARKET WITH BOYS LIKE YOU. I UNDERSTAND YOU GO TO ST. JOHN'S. IF YOU'LL SELL THERE FOR ME, I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD COMMISSION. THAT WAY, YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET ONE FOR YOURSELF IN NO TIME.
YOU'RE SERIOUS, MR. MILLER?



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HOW DID YOU GET IN WITH THIS FELLOW, CHUCK?
OH...I WAS PASSING THE GARAGE ONE DAY AND THIS MAN MILLER SAW ME LOOKING AT THE CAR. THEN HE ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO SELL.

IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE. BUT IF YOU'RE GOING THROUGH WITH IT, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU.
I'D LIKE ANY HELP YOU CAN GIVE, JOE. YOU KNOW THAT.

I KNOW MOST OF THE BOYS BETTER THAN YOU DO, CHUCK. LET'S GO FIGURE OUT WHO HAS THE CASH TO BUY A CAR.
THAT'S A START, JOE. YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT MIGHT COME OUT OF THIS.
ST. JOHN'S 31
HAGERSTOWN 24

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I'M AFRAID OF THESE REBUILT CARS, CHUCK. YOU BOYS DRIVE THEM SO AWFULLY FAST.
YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY, MRS. BLAKE. I'LL BE SELLING THEM, NOT DRIVING THEM.

WE'RE READY TO ROLL. BOND WILL STRIP THEM DOWN, CHANGE THE ENGINE NUMBERS, AND REBUILD THEM. NOBODY WILL KNOW THEM WHEN HE GETS THROUGH.
SWELL! HERE ARE THE OWNERSHIP CERTIFICATES.

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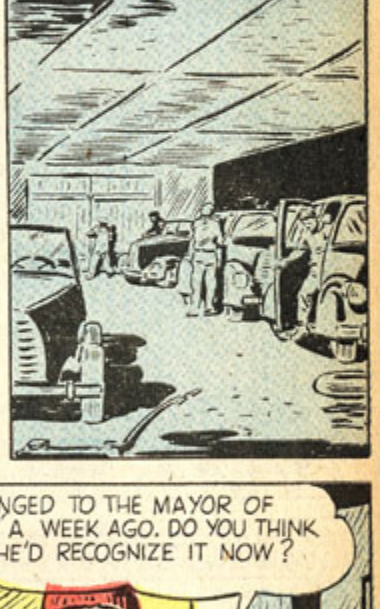
DON'T LOAD ME DOWN TOO MUCH. THESE TOWNS AROUND HERE ARE SMALL AND I CAN'T GET RID OF CARS TOO FAST.
YOU'LL HANDLE WHAT WE SEND YOU, BUD.









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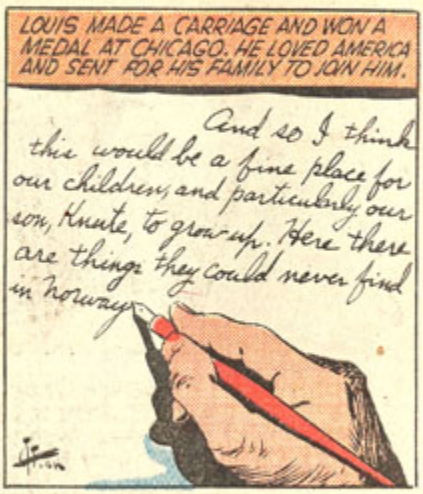
# ROCKNE of NOTRE DAME

Part 1

## AMERICA'S GREATEST COACH

By GEORGE F. FOLEY JR.

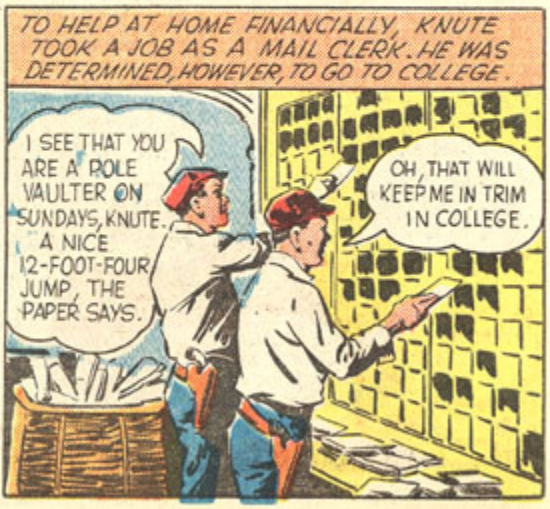
IT WAS BY CHANCE THAT LOUIS ROCKNE, A CARRIAGE MAKER IN VOSS, NORWAY, CAME TO AMERICA IN 1893.
THERE WILL BE A CARRIAGE COMPETITION AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION IN CHICAGO. I SHOULD LIKE TO ENTER ONE OF MY CARRIAGES.
OF COURSE, LOUIS, THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA!


LOUIS MADE A CARRIAGE AND WON A MEDAL AT CHICAGO. HE LOVED AMERICA AND SENT FOR HIS FAMILY TO JOIN HIM.
And so I think this would be a fine place for our children, and particularly our son, Knute, to grow up. Here there are things they could never find in Norway

SO KNUTE ROCKNE WAS FIVE WHEN HE CAME TO THE UNITED STATES. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, HE LEARNED TO PLAY AMERICAN SPORTS.
WHY DO YOU LIKE FOOTBALL, KNUTE, BETTER THAN BASEBALL?
I CAN'T GET HIT WITH A BAT IN FOOTBALL.

WHEN HE WAS 16, HE TRIED TO ENLIST IN THE NAVY, BUT WAS REJECTED.
YOU HAVE A WEAK HEART, ROCKNE. FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL.
U. S. NAVY

AND KNUTE, AS CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, WAS AS CAREFUL AS HE COULD BE.
HEY! TAKE IT EASY, YOU FELLOWS. REMEMBER, I HAVE A WEAK HEART!


TO HELP AT HOME FINANCIALLY, KNUTE TOOK A JOB AS A MAIL CLERK. HE WAS DETERMINED, HOWEVER, TO GO TO COLLEGE.
I SEE THAT YOU ARE A POLE VAULTER ON SUNDAYS, KNUTE. A NICE 12-FOOT-FOUR JUMP, THE PAPER SAYS.
OH, THAT WILL KEEP ME IN TRIM IN COLLEGE.

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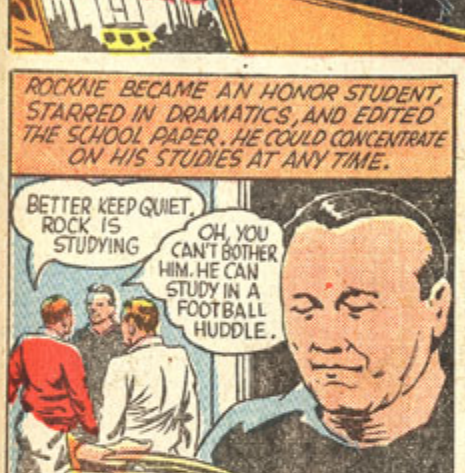
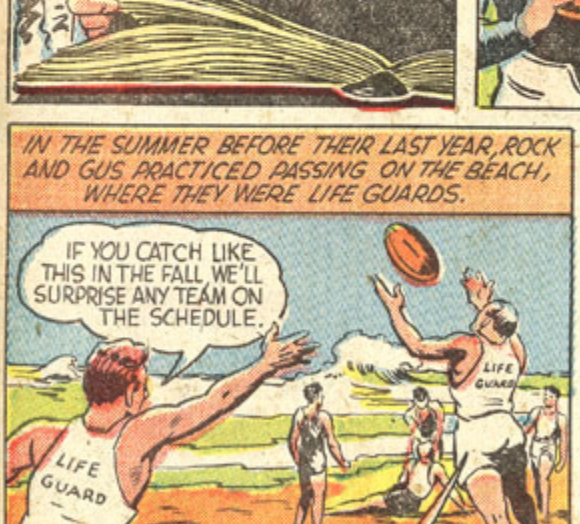
WHEN HE HAD $1000 SAVED, A PAL, JIM PLANT, URGED HIM TO GO TO NOTRE DAME WITH HIM.
IT'S NOT A BIG COLLEGE, KNUTE, BUT IT'S A GOOD SCHOOL.
IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA. I COULD PROBABLY GET A JOB IN SOUTH BEND, TOO, TO HELP OUT AT HOME.
NOTRE DAME CATALOGUE

FOR THE FIRST TIME, ROCKNE SAW THE CAMPUS OF NOTRE DAME.
MY NAME IS KNUTE ROCKNE, FATHER. KNUTE SOUNDS AS IF IT WERE SPELLED WITH AN "A" IN IT, BUT IT'S NOT K-A-N-U-T-E.
WELCOME TO NOTRE DAME, KNUTE. I HOPE YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE.


ROCKNE BECAME AN HONOR STUDENT, STARRED IN DRAMATICS, AND EDITED THE SCHOOL PAPER. HE COULD CONCENTRATE ON HIS STUDIES AT ANY TIME.
BETTER KEEP QUIET, ROCK IS STUDYING
OH, YOU CAN'T BOTHER HIM. HE CAN STUDY IN A FOOTBALL HUDDLE.

ROCKNE ROOMED WITH GUS DORAIS. THEY BOTH TRIED OUT FOR FOOTBALL. IN THEIR THIRD YEAR THEY MADE THE VARSITY, AND ROCK WAS NOMINATED CAPTAIN.
KNUTE, YOU ALWAYS WANT TO FORWARD PASS. WHY?
WITHOUT THE PASS, WHAT CHANCE WOULD A LITTLE GUY HAVE AGAINST BIG GUYS?


IN THE SUMMER BEFORE THEIR LAST YEAR, ROCK AND GUS PRACTICED PASSING ON THE BEACH, WHERE THEY WERE LIFE GUARDS.
IF YOU CATCH LIKE THIS IN THE FALL WE'LL SURPRISE ANY TEAM ON THE SCHEDULE.
LIFE GUARD
LIFE GUARD
NO ONE REALLY KNOWS MUCH ABOUT THE PASS. THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST THROWS LIKE YOURS, GUS.

IN THE FALL OF 1913, ARMY, THE GREAT POWER OF THE EAST, BOOKED AS A "BREATHER" NOTRE DAME, THEN UNKNOWN IN FOOTBALL.
SO, WE GO TO WEST POINT? IT WILL BE A TOUGH GAME.
YES, FOR ARMY. WE'LL PASS THEM BLIND.

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WITH ROCK AND DORAIS STUNNING THE FOOTBALL WORLD WITH THEIR DAZZLING PASSING ATTACK, NOTRE DAME UPSET ARMY 35-13 AND WON.
IT'S A ROUT! THERE GOES ROCKNE OVER AGAIN!
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THE PASS!
AFTER THE GAME, ARMY INVITED ROCK AND GUS TO STAY AND TEACH THEM HOW TO PASS. THIS CEMENTED RELATIONS AND STARTED THE FAMOUS ARMY-NOTRE DAME SERIES.
NO, YOU CATCH THE BALL WITH YOUR HANDS, NOT WITH YOUR CHEST.
HOLD IT HERE, NOT AT THE END.
ROCKNE, NAMED ALL-AMERICAN THAT YEAR, WAS GRADUATED WITH HONORS. HE TURNED DOWN MANY COACHING OFFERS. HE WANTED TO TEACH.
KNUTE, WE'D LIKE YOU TO STAY AND TEACH CHEMISTRY HERE NEXT FALL.
THANK YOU, FATHER. I'D LOVE TO STAY AT NOTRE DAME.
BUT ROCK WAS ALSO APPOINTED ASSISTANT FOOTBALL COACH AND, FOUR YEARS LATER, BECAME HEAD COACH.
KNUTE, I'M GOING TO RETIRE. I KNOW THAT YOU'LL CARRY ON WELL. THE BOYS LOVE YOU AND YOU LIKE THE TEAM.
I DON'T KNOW HOW WELL I'LL DO, JESS, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST.
NO SIDE-LINE COACH, ROCKNE ACTUALLY DEMONSTRATED FUNDAMENTALS TO HIS TEAM. HARD BLOCKING AND CLEAN TACKLING WERE THE SECRET OF HIS TEAM PLAY.
LOOK, MAC, WHEN YOU BLOCK, BLOCK HARD - LIKE THIS!
SPEED AND DECEPTION IN ATTACK BECAME THE ROCKNE, OR NOTRE DAME SYSTEM. HE DEVELOPED A DEADLY PASSING ATTACK AND A SHIFT THAT THREW THE OPPOSITION OFF GUARD.
REMEMBER, EVERY PLAY SHOULD BE A TOUCHDOWN. IF IT MISSES, SOMEBODY FELL DOWN ON HIS JOB.

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ROCKNE MADE THE WHOLE NOTRE DAME CAMPUS FOOTBALL-CONSCIOUS. IT REMAINS SO TODAY.

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF TEAMS AT NOTRE DAME. EVERY CLASS HAS ITS OWN ELEVEN. IT KEEPS THE BOYS HEALTHY AND ALERT.

CLASS FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

ROCKNE'S FIRST GREAT TEAMS WERE IN 1919-1920 WHEN, LED BY THE IMMORTAL GEORGE GIPP, NOTRE DAME WAS UNDEFEATED.

THAT'S GIPP'S FOURTH SCORE TODAY.

AND HE'S PLAYING WITH A DISLOCATED SHOULDER, BUT HE DIDN'T TELL ROCK.

GIPP WAS THE NATION'S TOP PLAYER IN 1920 AND ONE OF NOTRE DAME'S ALL-TIME STARS. THAT FALL HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA.

ROCK, I KNOW I'M DYING. BUT SOME DAY, WHEN THE BREAKS ARE AGAINST THE BOYS, TELL THEM TO WIN ONE FOR THE OLD GIPPER! IF THEY WIN, WHEREVER I AM, I'LL KNOW ABOUT IT.

AS NOTRE DAME'S FOOTBALL GLORY GREW, ROCKNE HAD MANY OFFERS FROM OTHER COLLEGES.

NO, I'LL NOT LEAVE NOTRE DAME. NOT FOR ANY MONEY.

NOTRE DAME 28 INDIANA 7

IN 1924 CAME THE FOUR HORSEMEN, THE GREATEST BACK-FIELD COMBINATION IN FOOTBALL HISTORY. UNDEFEATED UNITED STATES CHAMPS ALL SEASON, THEY SWAMPED STANFORD IN THE ROSE BOWL.

NOTRE DAME 27 STANFORD 10

THERE GO THE FOUR HORSEMEN AGAIN!

YES, BUT DON'T FORGET THE SEVEN MULES IN THE IRISH LINE!

ROCKNE WAS KNOWN FOR HIS BETWEEN-THE-HALVES ORATORY. HE USED WIT AND BARBS TO PROD HIS MEN TO VICTORY—AND THEY USUALLY WON.

I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T SCORE! MAYBE THE OPPOSITION DOESN'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE. SHOW THEM YOUR PRESS CLIPPINGS AND YOU'LL SCARE THEM.

TO BE CONTINUED

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# PLAYTIME

BY A. W. Nugent

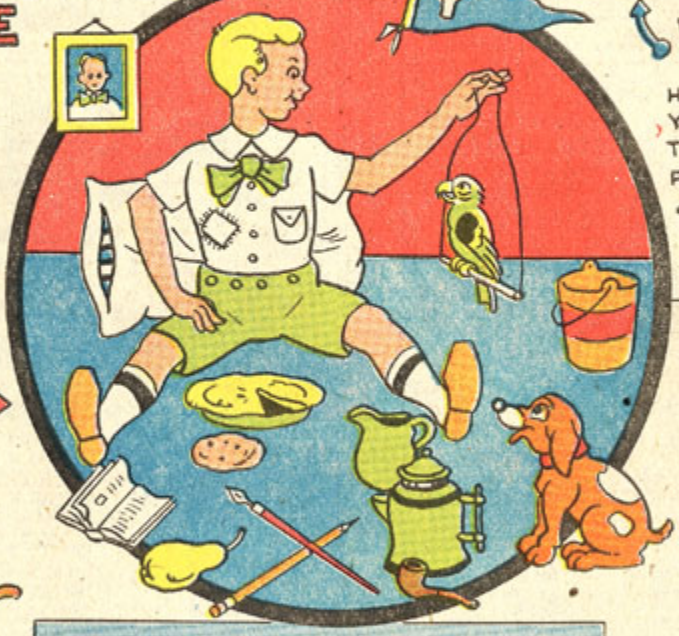
## FATHER

YOU'LL BE A WINNER IF YOU CAN SPELL AT LEAST 12 THREE-LETTER WORDS BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN FATHER.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU CONNECT THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 40?

## AN OBSERVATION GAME

TO WIN, YOU MUST FIND AT LEAST 25 OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER P.




CAN YOU PRINT SIX GIRLS' NAMES THAT WILL RHYME WITH THESE BOYS' NAMES?

DAN
JERRY
RAY
EARL
HARRY
MORRIS

I WAS ___ SO ___ HAD TO HANG THE ___ FOR ___.

THE ABBREVIATIONS OF FOUR OF THE UNITED STATES WILL FORM THE WORDS MISSING ABOVE. CAN YOU WRITE THEM IN THE CORRECT POSITIONS?

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.

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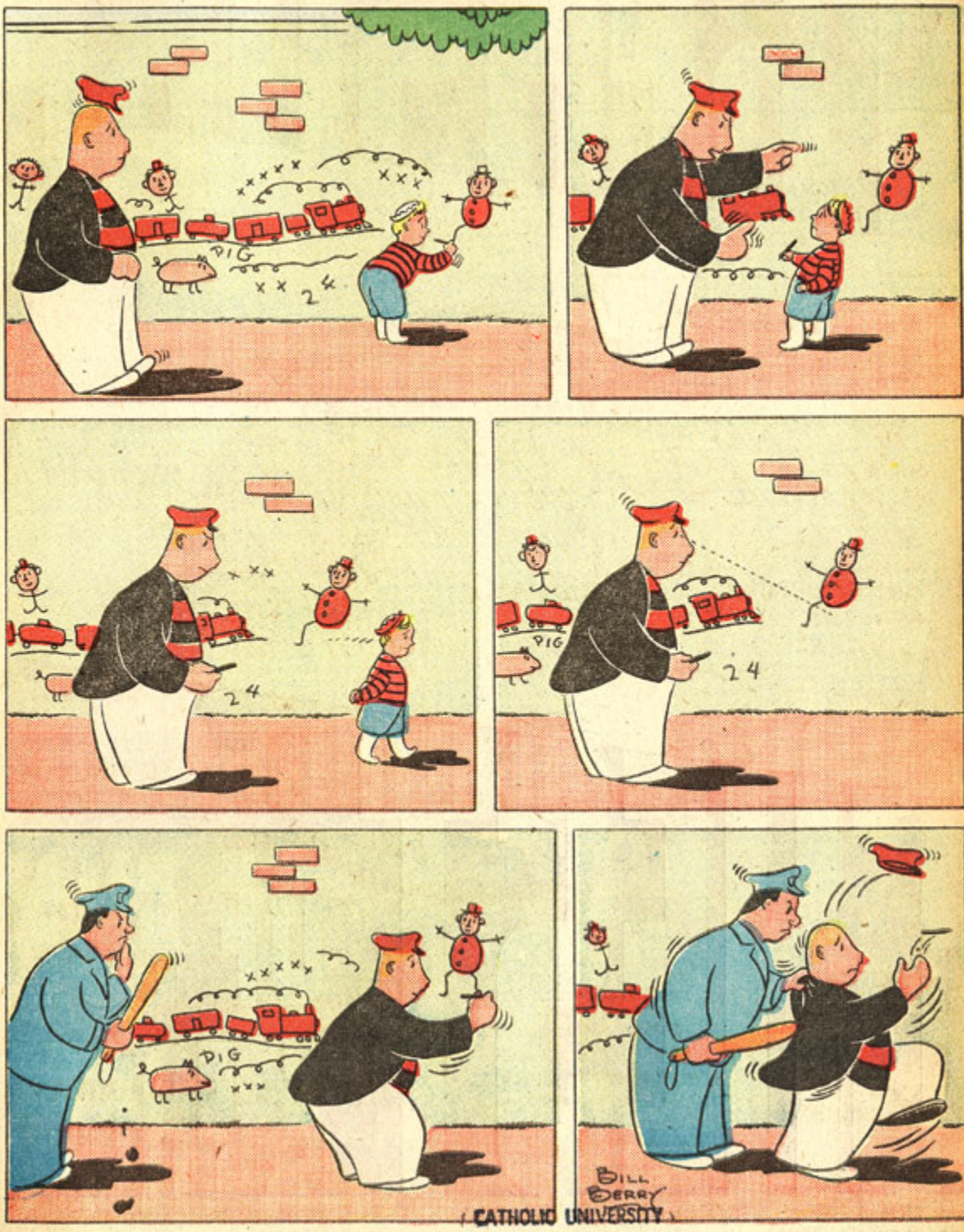
# OTTO

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# TREASURE CHEST OF FUN & FACTS

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